Shivers, the Advantageous Meeting with La Femme Rouge, and Aphra's New Love
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Shivers, the Advantageous Meeting with La Femme Rouge, and Aphra's New Love

by lefemmerouge2

Summary

One cold, blustery day, Aphra lands near the city of Paris, on the planet of Earth. It's a place she sees as "primitive," not at all connected to anything happening light years away in a different galaxy. She meets an intriguing woman in a red coat and falls madly in love with her. Can she make this love...last?

Notes

I came up with the idea for this fic on the fly. I saw some, possible, connections between the two of them, so I decided to write this story. When I saw another user posting to this collection, I decided to do the same. I had written about 1,200 words of this prior, but I decided to change it around and make it more winter-themed.

Comments are welcome and appreciated.

Update: This fic has been cross-posted on Squidge World, Quotev, and Wattpad.

See the end of the work for more notes

It had been a long time that Aphra had been on vacation. She had been expecting it to be warm and sunny, but she was disappointed that it was so cold that she could see the breath front of her face. Luckily she had on a warm coat, so that helped. So in some ways, this was a rest from her general exploits which involved stealing artifacts. She had heard about this planet, known as Earth, from some old tome she found in a deep, dark cave. Despite the dreadful and blistering conditions in the city of Paris, what she would find on this rock would *blow her mind* in more ways than one.

Carmen was tired. She had been working non-stop for over a year with Player, Zack, and Ivy to track down the remnants of VILE, following their defeat all that time ago. Julia had retired from ACME and had begun teaching at a prestigious university in Canada. They still kept in touch, but not as much as they used to. On the other hand, Player, Zack, and Ivy had *urged* her to take a break and stop working herself so hard. She had agreed, begrudgingly. After this was over, she *needed* to track down the last people and end this organization once and for all. Otherwise, all the work in the past year would be a waste.

She stuck her hands into her pockets where she conveniently had pocket warmers so she didn't catch frostbite. As much as summer could be a drag, with the need to wear sunscreen so you wouldn't get burned and the necessity to avoid the deathly hot days, winter wasn't her favorite season. Perhaps no one season was something she enjoyed more than the others, but... she did like Fall, as she could eat delicious foods from the fall harvest, especially if she could share them with Zack and Ivy in their hangout in San Francisco. That wasn't possible this time of year because heating still hadn't been installed in the building... yet. She was hoping to change that one day.

As she shivered from the cold, she happened to look over and saw nearby woman with dark brown hair. She noticed her odd headgear which made her look like some bombardier from World War II: a leather cap and goggles outfitted with red lenses. This was coupled with a thick white-colored coat, which looked awfully warm. It matched the rest of her outfit in some ways, but in other ways it looked... strange. Before she looked away, she saw this woman's dashing brown eyes. She quickly turned her head in embarrassment. She wasn't here to stare at other women, she was here to *enjoy herself*! She couldn't have any distractions. Not now!

Unfortunately for her, the other woman was *keenly* aware of her surroundings and *saw* Carmen staring at her. The woman quickly approached and caught Carmen completely off guard. Perhaps she wasn't on her best a-game now, maybe because she was getting too relaxed. Very few people could sneak up on Carmen like that, but this woman seemed to have experience in this kind of thing. At least that was her guess.

The woman snickered. "So, were you looking at me, *pretty lady*...you like what *I* have to offer? You know, I'm *not* for sale."

Carmen did not know *how* to respond to someone who was so bold. What could she say to something like that? What was the right thing to say? She wasn't sure. She wasn't always good with these kind of things. Despite the fact that she seemed to be good with talking to people, the truth was she was a gregarious introvert. She had *trained* herself to be more

talkative, but too much social interaction exhausted her. As she mulled over all the possible things she could say and considered all the scenarios that could play out, she blurted out the first thing that came to her mind.

"Yeah, I was looking at *you*, Miss, obviously. I'm the *illustrious* Carmen Sandiego and I have every right to stare at any *bella donnas*. That's just who I am! Hmph!"

Carmen had stepped in it now! She had been *thinking* this, but didn't mean to say it. Oops! She wanted to take it back and rewind time, so she could redo this conversation again. However, that wasn't possible. There were no time travel machines or anything like that. Even flying people into space was ridiculously expensive to *such an extent* that some countries had sold off their space programs to egotistical and reactionary billionaires who were deemed "geniuses" when they actually only wanted to line their own pockets and screw over everyone else. Space travel had become a vanity project for them. Their short-sighted ideas would undoubtedly ruin yet *another* planet by colonizing it. Hadn't humans hadn't done enough damage to the Earth over the years? That much should've been obvious.

Aphra laughed heartily. She couldn't believe this woman. Are women this forward, even in these frigid temperatures? Maybe that was the case with *all women* on this planet? She shook her head. That definitely couldn't be true. Maybe this woman was unique, a diamond in the rough? She saw this woman's brown hair blow in the wind, since she was only wearing a cozy headband, but not a hat, for some reason. It was almost like she was showing off her beautiful hair to everyone. Aphra was enchanted. Could she be with her *forever*? She hoped so!

Blushing, she sheepishly remarked, "And I'm...uh...Chelli Lona Aphra…archaeologist for hire...I take artifacts and sell them to make some extra cash...to pay my debts...how about you, Ms. Sandiego?"

Carmen didn't know what to make of this woman. Someone who steals artifacts and sells them? That sounded like something VILE would do! It rubbed her the wrong way. She was skilled at theft, but she stole *from* those awful people, and returned the artifacts to their rightful owners. Perhaps this woman shared some similarities with another brown-haired girl that some other version of herself had encountered in an alternate timeline. But in this world, she didn't have Julia as a girlfriend, as she did in that one. She was an independent woman, not tied down by any woman.

She came close and was about to confront Aphra on being a "VILE agent." The woman's eyes drew her in, and made her face warm, almost as much as the mittens on her hands, and the hand warmers in her pockets. They were a must-have in this temperature. Why couldn't she say what she wanted to say? What was wrong with her? Was anything wrong with her? She wasn't sure, but something stopped her. She took a few steps back.

"I'll give you a pass now, but I *know* you work for VILE," she loudly declared, so *anyone* could hear her. Luckily for Aphra, Player was sleeping, so she couldn't call on him for help.

Aphra wasn't sure what to make of her remark. Was it supposed to be a threat? What was the problem with being *vile*? Was it really a bad thing? Most people would have gasped at being called "vile," knowing it meant something wicked, morally based, evil, depraved, sinful (for

those that believed in sin), disgusting, repulsive, offensive to one's sensibilities, cheap, worthless, low, degrading, very bad, or more inferior than anything else. Aphra was fully aware it was *an insult*, but how was it any worse than someone calling her a disaster or miscreant? She didn't see it as an issue in that regard. Also, she wondered about the organization that Carmen spoke about. She'd never heard it. However, she had enough awareness that know it clearly mattered in some way to Carmen and was a *big deal*. Maybe she could get a contract with these so-called "evildoers"? She didn't mind making deals with people others saw as despicable.

Scratching her head, with her warm hand, which was covered with a glove which she'd stolen from one of her beautiful exes on some other planet (where it was winter all year round), after she had a wonderful night with her (and realized that woman wasn't for her), she came up with an idea. She decided to play with Carmen, just to annoy her a little bit. She liked doing this with people, especially women, sometimes. Laughing loudly, she turned to Carmen and said, "Oh, *I* may be a vile woman, but I don't work for VILE. Why would I work for someone else when I can be in it for *myself*?"

Carmen did not expect this answer. She also knew that most VILE agents boasted about their membership in the organization. Aphra had not done that. In fact, she had done the opposite. At the same time, she was drawn to the fact that this woman worked for herself. She found that noble in its own way, even if she detested the idea of *stealing* artifacts and selling them *for a profit*. What was the issue with being your own boss, your own master, and having control over your own life? Wasn't that a good thing? On the other hand, what if Aphra was conning her and this was all a game? Carmen considered that possibility.

"I still don't trust you, Ms. Aphra...I *don't like* those that steal and make money off it. I left a thieving school for that very reason. I had to get out of there and away from those scoundrels!"

Aphra shook her head. She decided to tease this woman even more. She couldn't stop herself from liking every feature of this woman, from her red-colored clothing to her auburn hair, olive skin, grey eyes, and bright red coat. This wasn't the first time she'd felt this way about a woman. There was Sana Starros at the prestigious university, the former Imperial and newly-turned "rebel" Magna Tolvan, the fiery Mandalorian with a bleeding rebel heart (Sabine Wren), and many others. She had so many exes you could probably fill an ocean liner with them, or maybe a *small* skiff. So, she loved women. That was who she was. If someone had to define her in the words of this planet, she'd be called a "wild lesbian." As such, even though she still believed that this planet was *behind the times* when it came to technological advances, if she could meet such a pretty girl like Carmen, coming to Earth was *totally* worth it.

Coming close to Carmen, she happened to push her against a nearby wall. She slammed her left hand, which was inside one of the gloves she stolen from her ex on some ice planet, near the right side of Carmen's face. "Oh, you might *detest* people who steal...but there's something I want to steal...badly." She paused, keeping Carmen in anticipation. She continued. "...your heart. It"s mine to take and treasure...if you'd have me, Ms. Sandiego."

This whole encounter, once again, had caught Carmen off her game. She began to blush. She tried to calm herself down. She couldn't go rushing into things, not something as important as this. Being too impulsive was bad, especially for someone in her trade, and for someone who was a thief. It was better to plan things out...

She thought all that, but when it came to romantic attraction, it isn't something you can always chart or organize. It just happens and you have to deal with it. So, she was unsure *how* to deal with this. Sure, she probably had feelings for Julia, maybe for her friend Ivy, or even her VILE classmate Tigress. But, this was something new. She couldn't get away from it, or say "oh, we just want to be friends."

Before she could say anything, Aphra interrupted. She could tell that Carmen was nervous. The cold was beginning to bother her and she didn't want to be on this planet anymore. So she pulled her hand back, stepped back, and began walking away. Carmen was surprised. She thought they had something going between them. At least it seemed that way to her.

"Well, I'm sorry cutie, but...it's so *damn* cold out here...and you seem nice...I'm gonna go warm-up in my ship, the *Darla Angel*...if you want to join me...you are welcome."

Carmen was in shock. Was this woman just going to leave her here, after all that? What was she supposed to do? She couldn't call Player for help, as he wasn't good with this kind of thing, and she thought that Ivy might make fun of her, well. She might be sleeping like Player was, since they were in the same time zone. Once again, she blurted out something without as much as a second thought.

"Miss...Aphra...I'd...like to go with you! I...feel like we have a connection and I'd like to get to know you better...and uh..."

Aphra cut her off and chuckled. She hadn't expected it would be *this* easy to pick up a woman. Where was that fire and spark? Had she folded like a stack of cards? Or was it something else? She didn't care... she had gotten what she wanted after all, so that made her happy... She didn't want to make the same mistakes she'd made with all those other exes.

"I'm glad to hear that, Miss. You can call me Chelli."

They began walking toward her ship, chatting along the way, even as Chelli started scheming to take some of her belongings and sell them. She had to push away those thoughts. Couldn't she have *something* good? Did she have to ruin it the way she messed up all those other relationships? She tried to restrain that tendency which had caused so much hurt along the way. Carmen was still unsure about Chelli. She hoped that it would be something new... unlike anything she had with anyone else. Perhaps that was a good thing. What she would never expect is how out of control Chelli could be... and how it would leave its mark on her life as they traveled around the universe... together.

End Notes

I guess this fic isn't totally canon-compliant in that I think Aphra would be more wild. But, eh, why not have a fluff fic with her. If you are interested, I have an ongoing series entitled "Aphra's Sapphic Escapade Through the Stars" which is ALL about Aphra going on a space journey, but with Entrapta, and a bunch of other characters from She-Ra reboot/revival (like Bow, Adora, Glimmer, and Catra). I plan on continuing that in the new year.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!